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BRIEF HISTORY  
of  
ANTHONY WAYNE SCHOOL  
and  
VICINITY

By

Lloyd Bryan

Anthony Wayne School Principal  
1935 - 1956

A paper read at P. T. A. meeting, March 6, 1956  
(Printed by request)

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Past Presidents, parents and teachers,  
I really considered it an honor to have been asked to  
speak at the PTA FOUNDERS' DAY PROGRAM,  
But when I was informed that fifteen minutes would  
be my limit of time and it was suggested that ten  
minutes would be better, I did a little second think-  
ing.

I knew at once that I was not considered  
an expert on the subject given me if limited to only  
ten minutes. An expert speaker was defined to me  
a short time ago as one who BLOWS IN, BLOWS  
OFF and then BLOWS OUT. Now answer me, how  
could one do all of that in a mere 1/6 of an hour?

Considering the subject at hand  
"History of Anthony Wayne", whatever I have to  
say is only as authentic as I have received it from  
those who have trod these grounds before me and  
as it has been related to me.

More properly speaking, this should be  
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territorial history that mostly preceded Anthony Wayne as a school.

I am quite sure that OUR MAKER included us in the Biblical Passage, "IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH". So our history definitely begins there.

However we will omit those eras of time to and including the pre-historic periods and think of the many times that the Indian traversed this area.

SO MAY I FOR A FEW MOMENTS KIDNAP your thoughts and go with you on a mental journey that may perhaps add to your appreciation of this community which is near and dear to you?

Here is a land where much turmoil and strife took place between the Red Man and our most immediate ancestors. If only Ross Lockridge, now

careful study of the history that really preceded the

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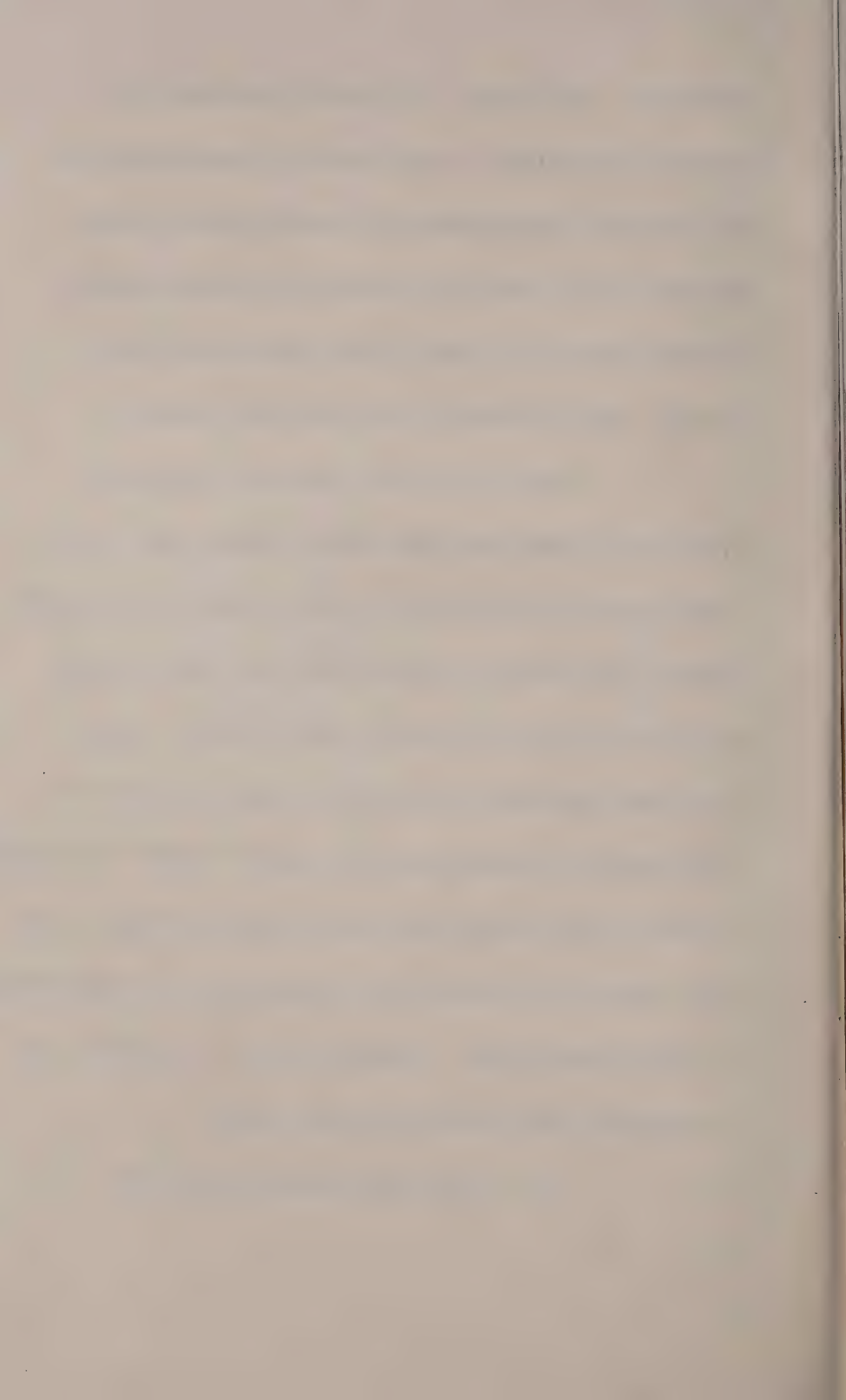
mountainous landscape. It only goes to show that

deceased, one of our most noted lecturers on Indiana Indian lore, could have you assembled on the banks of the Maumee by the Columbia Street Bridge at the confluence of the St. Marys and St. Joseph Rivers, he could make your heart beat faster, your eyes bulge and your hair stand.

Some 150 years later at the actual scene of combat with the crafty Indian, Mr. Lockridge, with one sweep of his hand, with hat clutched tightly, following the flow of the lazy waters just past the bridge as it meets Berry Street, would give due cause for your neck to crane as with his well-worded phrases such as "AND THESE WATERS FLOWED RED WITH BLOOD", you would gaze into the rushes and beside the tree nearest you expecting to see a drawn bow, a flying arrow or a tomahawk sinking into the flesh of a white man.

Yes, your eyes would follow his





frantic waving of hat and hands as he would sway his audience with first sympathy for the original American and then pulsating beats of your heart in pains of pity for our white grandfathers of practically a past generation.

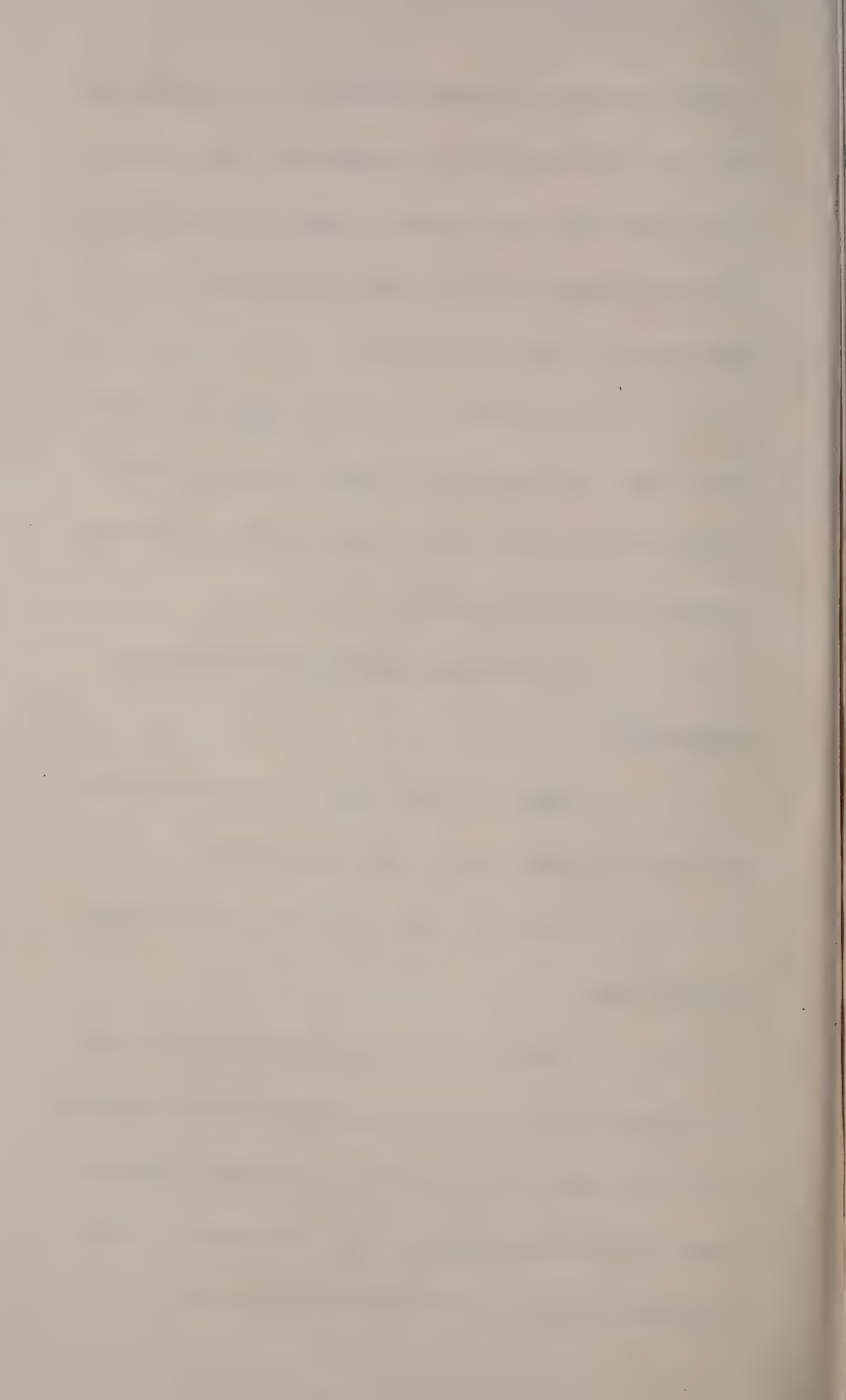
And then with bowed heads he would blend your feeling as the huge throng would be awed with his beautiful words of praise for both conqueror and conquered.

YOUR ARE LIVING ON HISTORIC  
GROUNDS.

May we leave the banks of the river and return to our own school grounds?

We will soon return to more of our Indian lore.

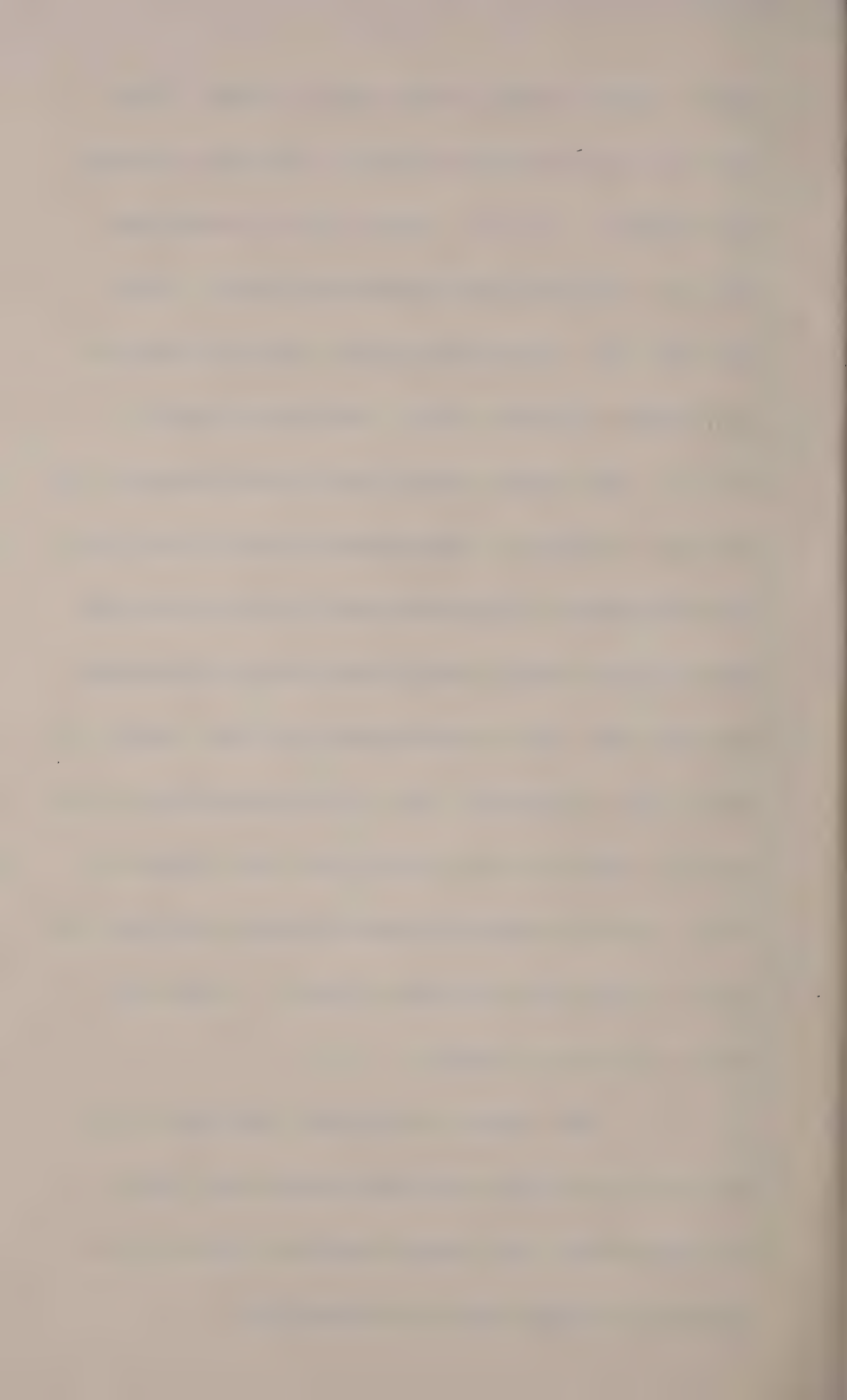
Let us take a walk to the high point of elevation on our school ground (by the looks of our boys and girls as well as the halls on some days we wonder if there is such a place). We are moved only a few hundred feet south of





where we are sitting at the present time. You that have experienced a KITE DAY with us know the location. True to custom, it is a rainy day. You are clutching your umbrella tightly. You note the rain drops falling from the east edge of your umbrella protection. You follow their course. Soon those drops will trickle through our drainage system of underground tile into the Junk Ditch to slowly wind their way into the murky St. Marys River and by way of the Historic Maumee find that they have now blended with the waters of Lake Erie at Toledo, then on Eastward across the lake to cataract 300 or more feet over Niagara Falls rushing onward to Lake Ontario and past the Chain of Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence to the mysyerious Atlantic.

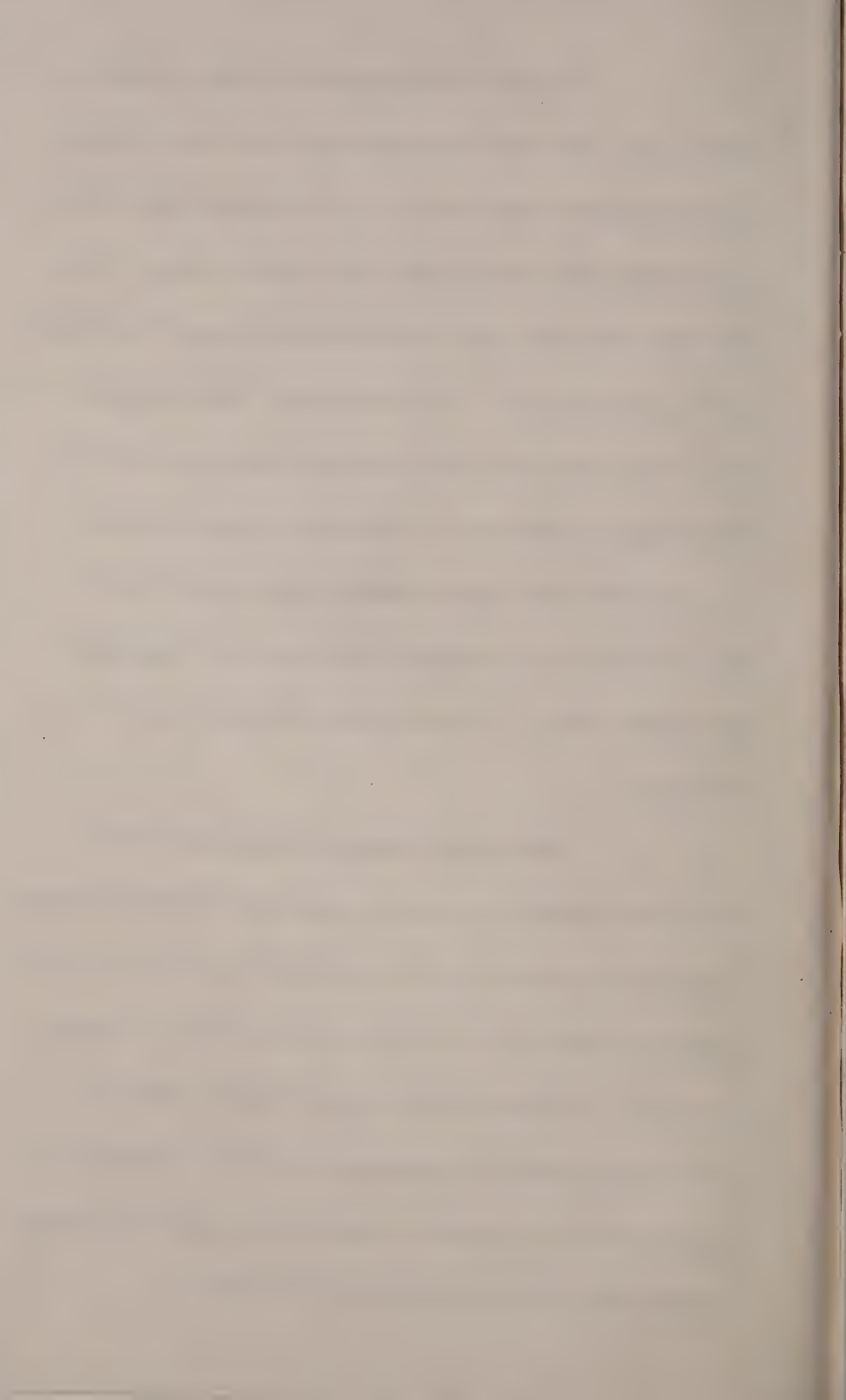
We haven't forgotten the drops from the west side of the parasol which your haven't released from your hand because of your determination to fight physical exhaustion.



Trickly little drops at times, rushing at others, they will flow through the Little Wabash to Huntington, down the river that gave Paul Dresser the beautiful words for our Indiana Song, on to the Ohio and past the "Steamboats Round The Bend" of the Mississippi. The Father of Waters spills them into the Gulf only perhaps years later to let them again embrace in the salty Atlantic Ocean, as they had done years before, and after a combined journey of perhaps three or four thousand or more miles. You may now fold your umbrellas.

That was a long journey and truly a tiresome ordeal to prove to you that Anthony Wayne School has ten acres of area that was O.K. 'd by the Indian as well as the early white man as a natural portage. Picture the feathered Indian with his birch bark canoe traversing to and fro across our present ball diamonds, followed by a hard working squaw carrying a papoose on her back.

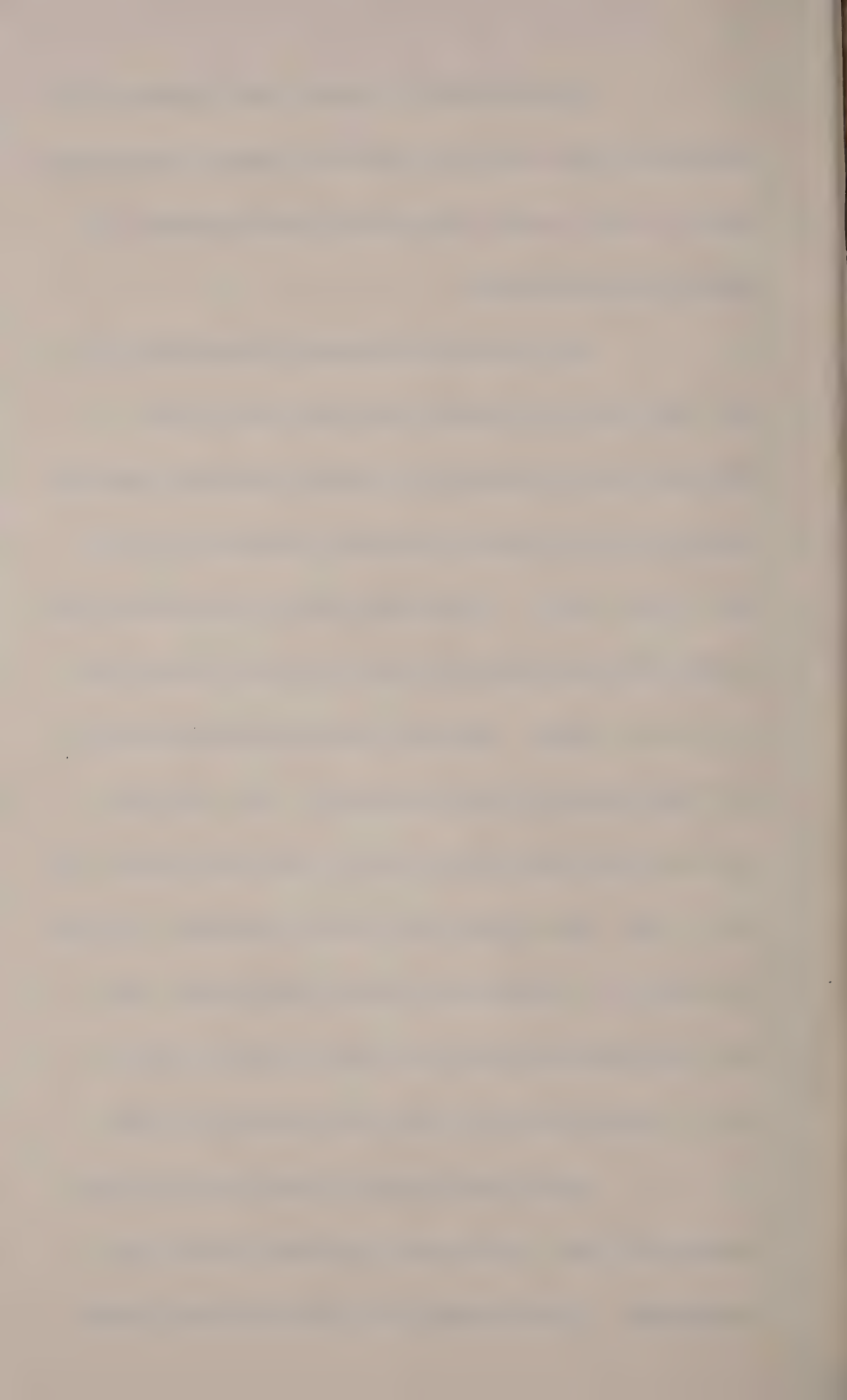




Arrow heads, beads, and other relics of these bygone days can still be found each spring as the frost leaves the ground working many of these to the surface.

May we still keep you practically in our own back yard and visit the scene of the Wabash-Erie Canal as it runs at an angle east and south of our building perhaps a distance of 1/2 mile from here. It followed the present elevation of the old interurban tracks which were removed a few years ago. The nearest remains of an actual lock would be near Roanoke. The aqueduct carrying the water over the St. Marys crossed the river just north of the Main Street Bridge. It was about six feet deep and eighteen feet wide, 204 feet long and leisurely 500 tons of water flowed over it each hour at a rate of 5 miles per hour.

Let's take Road 27 south out of Fort Wayne and note the cannon recesses in the embankment. These denote the strife of the French





and English during the Seven Years' War of 1756.

In 1760, Ft. Miami, located in present Lakeside of Ft. Wayne, fell to the British. Soon the British left the fort practically fall into decay. By the dealings of Pontiac, the great Indian Chief, and the double-cross of an Indian Maiden seeking to set up a romance for Ensign Holmes, a very lonely man seeking feminine companionship, the British Union Jack left Ft. Miami forever.

Probably in no area outside of such renown places as Gettysburg, Yorktown and Lexington could more real history of war or romance be written, than from the tables in front of you.

Names come by incidents, not by coincidence. Old Fort, Ft. Wayne, Pontiac, Anthony Wayne and many others all had past incidents of which they are not estranged.

This area has produced stories which seem to be authentic but of which no one living



today can prove except by heresay and local writings.

A few of interest could be noted such as ownership of slaves, cannibalism, feasts of horsemeat, and wild animal stories.

I will try to relate a few incidents.

Although an Indian, Little Turtle was presented by General Harrison, governor of the Northwest Territory, an annuity of \$50.00 per year plus a negro slave. This was during Little Turtle's residence in Miami Village, Lakeside.

On one occasion a rival Indian tribe used the captured leader as the chief morsel of flavor for a victory feast. Probably this is the only time that cannibalism was ever practiced in our area.

These victory feasts were usually prepared by using the horses of the captured opponents in celebration of triumph. This delicacy was spread high on the table tops (logs in this case)





as the entire tribe would meet to give praise to the Great Spirit for their supremacy.

Buffaloes, wolves, bear, deer and wild turkeys were in great numbers at one time.

Wolves were so numerous that a bounty of \$1.00 per head was offered by the County to save the hog crop.

13,000 squirrels were slaughtered in one raid in order to protect the corn fields from being barren. Location of this was not given but it seems to have been general over the state of Indiana.

Fort Wayne was started as a name on October 22, 1794, shortly after the Battle of Fallen Timbers. Anthony Wayne, the man who never slept, met every challenge and on this date the dedication of Ft. Wayne was pantomined by the tune of 15 cannon blasts.

The Wabash-Erie Canal, one of many started by the State of Indiana, practically met its



"We wish to employ on the Wabash and Erie Canal, immediately west of Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Situation is healthy and dry (on the contrary it was extremely swampy). We will pay \$10.00 per month for sober and industrious men".

Mostly Irish men took up this work.

It is said that one Irishman died for each six feet of canal constructed.

It was mostly used from 1847 to 1856.

The average cost per passenger per mile was 3¢.

They boasted of nice state rooms, bars, sleeping accomodations, etc.

The canal was last used in 1878 for bringing wood to Ft. Wayne from the New Haven area.

Bears often emerged from the forests to frighten the mules tugging on the hemp rope as they trudged to tow-path at a speed of two to six miles per hour at a trotting gate. Relays for





change of mules were made about every ten miles. Mules were generally kept at relay stations but many times some owners preferred to carry their power on the canal barge.

The WABASH RAILROAD paralleled the canal and spelled its doom completely.

This stellar trio of Anthony Wayne, the peerless, fearless fighter, Little Turtle, the Valiant Indian Patriot who was buried on present Tennessee Avenue, and Johnny Appleseed, the peacetime genius, constitute a triumvirate of truly great men who were associated with and helped to make our present community one of the best.

Johnny Appleseed is given some credit for the apple orchard which once covered most of the front part of our school ground including where our older section of the building now sets. Some apple trees still remain.

When this building was built, it necessitated the moving of the present custodian's home



across the road. Our first building was built in 1922. A dedication day program of this building may be seen here this evening. This building consisted of accommodations for 200 pupils and dining room facilities for 72 in the room above the entrance. It was very well equipped for a school of that period.

There soon followed a two room portable structure which set where our present cafeteria is now located. This served us until 1945 when it was removed to allow for our five room Baer Field Hospital building which has served us well through the past 10 years. It is up for acution to meet its fate on February 25, 1956.

Our east wing, costing you, the taxpayers, to the extent of \$150,000.00, is now being used for the second year. It consisted of three classrooms, cafeteria, kitchen, store rooms and toilet facilities.

Our last addition, now being completed,





approaching a cost of 1/2 million dollars, has ten rooms in use and has a basement room about 60 by 60 feet for Home Economics and Shop, yet to be completed and furnished.

It was built by the Wayne Township Building Corporation and they will probably turn this over officially for our use about January 1, 1957 or before, when all of the present Wayne Township projects should be completed. We hope that it meets our need until about 1963.

Ranking as great as the builders of our territory in the 18th and 19th centuries are those two ladies, Alice Birney and Phoebe Hearst who were the founders of the PTA, and met on that memorable day of February, 1897.

Likewise, our local group of 24 men and women as they met at No. 4 school on what is now North Bend Drive, on the 27th day of April, 1923 formed the first Anthony Wayne PTA, electing Mrs. W. Hobson, President. Since that time we



had a total of 25 presidents, some of whom are present with us tonight for which we are grateful.

They have all given their time and talents for the improvement of the school and community.

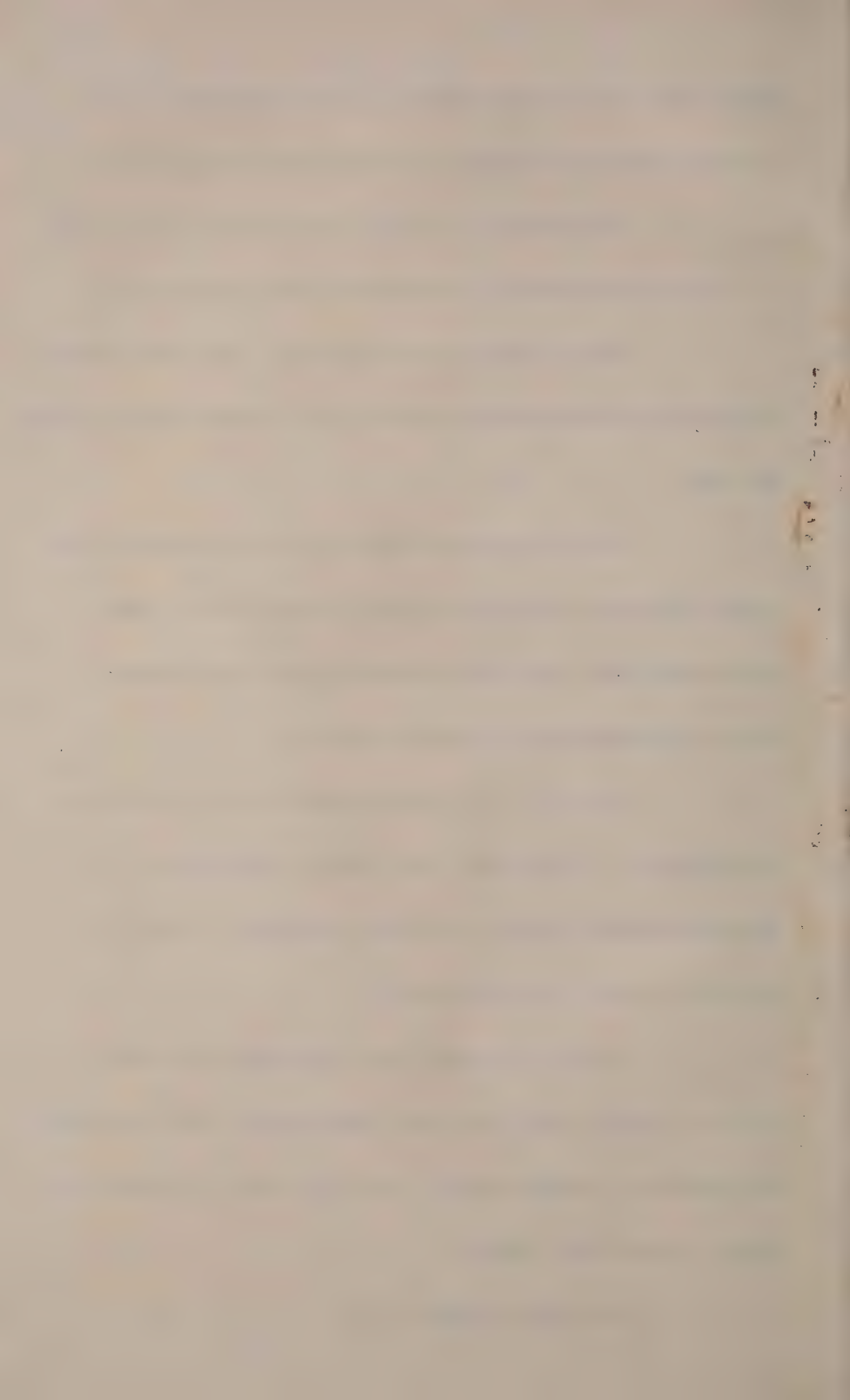
Many hours were spent by them and their assisting officers and workers for whom much praise is due.

We at Anthony Wayne can be proud of the past and truly should have our minds filled with pride and our eyes with tears as we have these accomplishments in our memories.

OUR P. T. A. HAS BEEN AND IS NOW A POWERFUL DYNAMO OF UNSELFISH SERVICE GENERATING GOOD IN THE ANTHONY WAYNE SCHOOL AND ITS VICINITY.

At the present time prospects for the future predict that this fine community will continue its healthy growth and be as it has been, second to none in the Mid-West.

You have made it so.









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